

Dark Mistress Aurora

True Scary Stories



Volume One



TRUE SCARY STORIES: VOLUME ONE

The Shadow Man

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PRONOUN

THEME: THE SHADOW MAN

Shadow men are men made out of darkness. They are some of the most evil beings I've ever seen. I fear them every day now that I've seen one and I fear that writing about them will cause them to seek revenge on me. They are attracted to those who are curious about them, so read at your own risk.

ONE TRUE STORY AND TWO LIES

THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE who attract darkness. It doesn't mean they are dark people themselves, it's just the hand life has dealt them. People like us feel a kinship when we first meet each other because no one else can understand what we have seen.

Many times, people like us were vulnerable in some way. I had parents who weren't very protective of me growing up, for example, which left me exposed to certain people I otherwise wouldn't be exposed to. A lot of us are also quite sensitive. We pick up on supernatural things that other people aren't able to.

I never realized how truly strange my experiences were until I decided to share one of my stories on a website and it wound up being read and commented on many times.

It's therapeutic to get these things off my chest. But I didn't want anyone to figure out that any of it was me. I wanted to remain anonymous, because stories like these are controversial, and a pen name didn't seem like it would be enough.

I decided to write out my stories one by one, but add two fictional stories of similar themes along with each story. That way no one could tell for sure which of these things had actually happened to me and which of these things hadn't. Without that information, it's difficult to trace the stories back to me.

It doesn't matter if you believe me or not, just know that two of these stories are fake and one is real. It's up to you to decide which is which. Feel free to share your opinions in the review section after you read my book.

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The names in these stories have been changed (except for the names of ghosts because they can't sue me.)

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STORY ONE

I WAS LYING AWAKE in my room, facing my husband's back, staring at it, hoping my insomnia would somehow be cured and I'd fall asleep, but my eyelids refused to grow heavy, no matter how long I stared and I was quickly growing bored and restless, so I sighed in exasperation and rolled over.

What I wasn't expecting to see was *him*. No one was supposed to be in my house except for me and my husband. He was standing in front of my closet, staring down at me intently. His hands were by his sides and his feet were planted firmly on the ground. He was standing so excitedly, staring at me, that he looked like he almost wanted to pounce on me.

He had no features on his face. He was just a three dimensional black figure, standing in front of my white closet, which is why I could see his silhouette so clearly. You know how you think you see a man standing in your room because of the shadows and you get scared? Well, this wasn't like that. There was no mistaking what I was seeing. When you see a shadow man for real, it's not just a weird trick out of the corner of your eye. It's very clear and you're in shock.

He was short, only about as tall as me. I'm less than five foot four and he was dressed like a man in a normal pair of pants and a long sleeved shirt. I could feel his presence and it was tamed maliciousness. He didn't seem to want to hurt me right now, but I could feel that that could suddenly change on a whim.

He was watching everything I did as if I was some kind of lab rat and he was a scientist about to dissect me. He had no eyes or mouth, so he had no facial expression, but I could see it in the way he tilted his head towards me and his body language. He was obsessed with me.

Neither of us knew how to react to it at first. We were both surprised by what happened. I don't think he expected me to roll over and I didn't expect to see a shadowy three-dimensional figure studying me from my closet. I was panicking as I wondered whether he would pounce on me and if I had time to wake-up my husband to help me. He looked on the edge of doing something and I could feel that he was contemplating something.

But instead of pouncing on me, he disappeared, which I later read is something shadow men are prone to do when you look them straight in the eyes. They don't like to be caught watching you.

I wanted to believe he was just a vision of sleep paralysis. I've had sleep paralysis before, where I've seen scary things that weren't there, but I was wide awake this time. I hadn't been sleeping and I was moving the entire time as well. You can't move during sleep paralysis. You're either falling asleep or waking up when it happens and you're always lying on your back. I was lying on my side and rolled over to my other side.

The scariest part of the whole thing to me is that he had been staring at my back for

awhile, just watching me. I assumed if someone stared at me like that, that I would be able to feel it. I would have some kind of creepy feeling or something that I was being watched or just feel nervous. But that didn't happen and the way he was standing, it had been obvious that he had been there for awhile. Because I was facing my back to him, he might have thought I was asleep and that it was safe to watch me without being caught.

And I wondered if there were other nights where he just watches me go to sleep. From what I've read, shadow men like to watch the same people over and over again. Because of it, I struggle to fall asleep. Every single night, I think of the Shadow Man. I wonder what he wants and if he'll ever do more than just watch me sleep if he's there. I stay up many hours at night just wondering if I'll ever see him again and hoping that I won't.

STORY TWO

I WAS IN MY kitchen, home alone, cooking dinner, when I saw something black, crawling on all fours out of the corner of my eye. It raced into the guest bedroom, which was to the right of the kitchen and separated by a gate from the living room.

I thought it was my dog, who is also black, who sometimes escapes the living room and tries to find scraps on the kitchen floor or in the trash when I'm not looking (before hiding in the guestroom), so I yelled at her and dropped what I was doing to chase her out of the guestroom. But I saw movement from the living room as my dog raised her head and turned in my direction in confusion. She'd been sleeping this whole time.

I was very confused about how she had gotten back there so quickly without me noticing, until I realized the gate wasn't even open. It hadn't been her.

So what was that thing? Had I imagined it? After all, I had seen it out of the corner of my eye and sometimes my eyes play tricks on me.

Also, my dog wasn't barking and when she sees something that scares her, she usually goes crazy. It had to be my imagination.

I slowly tiptoed toward the bedroom. I don't know why I was being so quiet in my own house, but I was scared to peek inside that room. I had to, though, or I couldn't go back to cooking. I had to make sure things were safe, just in case. Logically, I knew it was safe, but I had to convince my emotions, too. My heart was pounding hard in my chest, but I tried to tell myself not to be scared and that I was just being a chicken.

When I got to the doorway, I stared inside the bedroom. Nothing was there. I breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed. I was definitely seeing things and scaring myself for no reason.

My dog started barking viciously. I jumped in surprise and whirled around. She was at the gate now, snarling in my direction, but there wasn't anything there. Maybe she'd heard the gardener or something.

I ignored her and entered the room fully, just to make sure I looked in every corner and that's when I saw *him*. I turned to the right and saw him standing in the corner, in a part of the room you couldn't see until you entered it. He was black all over. He looked like a three-dimensional shadow. He was much taller than me and his hands were raised above his head. He was frozen in place, but his posture was aggressive, like he was in the middle of charging towards someone to attack them.

I stood in shock, just staring and willing him to disappear. I couldn't believe what I was seeing before my eyes. I wanted to run, but I was scared any movement would awaken him and cause him to charge towards me.

I had a bat in the other room, knives in the kitchen I could stab him with, but can you really stab something supernatural like that? He was pure, thick blackness and even though I couldn't see his facial expression, I could feel power and hatred coming from his eyes.

I barely blinked, when he came running towards me, his fists clenched and aiming for

my head. I dodged out of the way by running to the side and back out the bedroom door, but I knew this technique couldn't keep me safe for long. He was moving so fast, my eyes could barely keep up with him and I knew when he ran out of the bedroom, too, I'd be at his mercy, whether he decided to kill me or not.

So I fell down to my knees in the kitchen and covered my head with my hands in order to protect myself from being too badly injured. It wasn't a great plan, but I was running on instinct at that point. No blows came down on me and my dog had stopped barking, so I slowly opened my eyes and uncovered my head. There was no shadow creature anywhere around me.

I went back into the room and looked around, even searching the closet. There was no shadow creature there. He must have disappeared somehow.

I was terrified the rest of the day, while I was home alone, but my dog kept me company and I didn't see the shadow man again.

I always feel a little nervous now, walking past that room to get to the kitchen. I always feel better when we have a guest over.

STORY THREE

IT WAS AFTER DARK in the small town I used to live in and I was home alone. My dog was getting antsy. She'd had some stomach issues and although I'd taken her to the vet and given her medication, she was still feeling ill and I had to take her on walks more than usual. I knew she needed to use the restroom, but I've always been afraid to go on walks at night. Although there wasn't much danger of crime in the small town I lived in at the time, there was a lot of danger of running into wild animals like bears, cougars, and coyotes.

So we went in the backyard only and I sat and waited while she used the restroom. I also let her sniff around a bit because that's one of her favorite things to do. I wanted her to get any energy out before we went back into the house.

As I watched my dog use the restroom, I got this weird feeling that someone was staring at me, so I looked over to the right, in the woods, in the direction from where this feeling was coming from and saw what looked like a shadowy figure, standing still and staring at me. I froze, hoping if I was still that he'd leave and forget he ever saw me. It was foolish, I know, but I didn't have any weapons on me.

My porch light was on and it was dark in the woods, so I thought that it might be a trick of my eyes. Even though he very clearly had the shape of a man, I thought maybe my eyes weren't adjusting to the darkness of the woods and I was seeing things. That's why I kept still and watched for awhile, hoping what I saw would change.

But then my dog started growling in that same direction. She raced forward, barking at the top of her lungs, chasing the figure until she was blocked from going further by the fence. When she got close, the shadowy man seemed to disappear into the darkness completely and I thought she had chased whatever it was off.

But instead she lowered her ears and yelped like someone had hurt her. She came charging towards the glass door that we went into the backyard from and my heart raced in my chest as panicked cries came from me as well. It's not because I saw whatever mysterious thing she had just seen in the woods, it was the fact that I had never seen my dog scared like that and I knew something really bad had happened and I was completely terrified not knowing what that horrible thing is.

My dog and I both pushed past each other to try to get into the house as fast as possible. I slammed the glass door shut and locked it. I was shaking all over and it felt like I was moving in slow motion.

But I didn't feel better after I closed the glass door. I still felt like someone was watching me and I didn't want that man or creature or whatever it was to be staring at me, so I turned off all the lights in the house so he couldn't see me and also the porch light, so it would be hard for him to get to my glass door because it was pitch black out there.

I grabbed my cell phone and put it in my pocket once I was done. I didn't dare look at it. I didn't want my face highlighted in the darkness so it would be easy to see and find.

My dog and I both sat on the couch in the living room, hugging. I was practically holding my breath as I hugged her. I don't know why, but I felt like if I moved or did just the wrong thing the shadow man would get me.

It was really hard to sit in pitch blackness like that. Your imagination freaks you out without any distractions from it. I couldn't do it for very long and I kept hearing noises coming from the backyard. It sounded like the fence in the back was creaking, which it sometimes did in the wind. The noise wasn't that unusual, but considering the circumstances, I was afraid that it wasn't actually the wind and was the shadow guy hopping over the fence. I still had the uneasy feeling that I was being watched.

So I tiptoed slowly to the light switch. I had to feel around to find it. I just wanted to look at the backyard for just a second to reassure myself that he was gone and then maybe I could let the fear go.

But as I grabbed the light switch and turned it on, I saw a black figure pressed against the glass door. It was a tall man, his face pressed against the glass, his hands above his head, gripping the glass as well and his face was turned towards me like he had been watching me the entire time I was tiptoeing around in the darkness.

I thought maybe he was human before, but I could tell then that he wasn't. He was just blackness, pure, thick blackness, pressed against the glass. Staring at him felt like staring at concentrated evil.

My dog yelped in response and raced towards my bedroom door. I ran over there as well because I couldn't stand the shadow man staring at me and we both hid under the covers after I locked my door.

I contemplated calling the police, but I didn't know what I'd tell them. If I told them the truth, they would think I was crazy and so would my family.

So instead I texted my Dad and just said, "Come home. Hurry. I am scared." Without explaining it.

I get scared a lot, so my Dad didn't take me too seriously and they came home after an hour, after they were done seeing their movie. I was so relieved when they got home and I told them I had seen something scary outside and even turned on the porch light to prove it to them (which was somehow now off, even though it hadn't been earlier.) But when I turned on the light, there was nothing there and they all thought I was crazy.

The worst part though was that my Mom lectured me the next day that I'd forgotten to lock the glass door that night when I'd let the dog out, but I know I locked it. I get scared when I tried to understand how that glass door got unlocked and if that shadow man entered my house without my knowledge.

THANKS FOR READING!

Leave me a review telling me which story you think is real and which ones you think are fake.

To read more of my scary stories, please purchase the rest of my books, which are available for only 99 cents or visit my website. On my website you will find clues regarding which stories are real and which are fake, true reader scary stories, and a blog with creepy things in it that I've found online.
